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ABNER DANIEL

By WILL N. HARBEN, Author of "Westerfelt."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE summer ended, the autumn passed and Christmas approached. Nothing of much importance had taken place among the characters of this little history. The Southern Land and Timber company, and Wilson in particular, had disappointed Miller and Alan by their reticence in regard to the progress of the railroad scheme. At every meeting with Wilson they found him either really or pretendedly indifferent about the matter. His concern, he told them, was busy in other quarters, and he really did not know what they would finally do about it.

"He can't pull the wool over my eyes," Miller told his friend after one of these interviews. "He simply thinks he can freeze you out by holding off till you have to raise money."

"He may have inquired into my father's financial condition," suggested Alan, with a long face.

"Most likely," replied the lawyer.

"And discovered exactly where we stand."

"Perhaps, but we must not believe that till we know it. I'm going to try to checkmate him. I don't know how, but I'll think of something. He feels that he has the upper hand now, but I'll interest him some of these days."

Alan's love affair had also been dragging. He had had numerous assurances of Dolly's constancy, but her eyes had been opened to the seriousness of offending Colonel Barclay. She now knew that her marriage against his will would cause her immediate disinheritance, and she was too sensible a girl to want to go to Alan without a dollar and with the doors of her home closed against her. Besides, she believed in Alan's future. She somehow had more faith in the railroad than any other interested person. She knew, too, that she was now more closely watched than formerly. She had, with firm finality, refused Frank Hillhouse's offer of marriage, and that had not helped her case in the eyes of her exasperated parent. Her mother occupied neutral ground. She had a vague liking for Alan Bishop and, if the whole truth must be told, was rather enjoying the situation.

On Christmas eve Adele was expected home from Atlanta, and Alan had come in town to meet her. As it happened, an accident delayed her train so that it would not reach Darley until 10 o'clock at night instead of 6 in the evening, so there was nothing for her brother to do but arrange for their staying that night at the Johnston House. Somewhat to Alan's surprise, who had never discovered the close friendship and constant correspondence existing between Miller and his sister, the former announced that he was going to spend the night at the hotel and drive out to the farm with them the next morning. Of course it was agreeable, Alan reflected, but it was a strange thing for Miller to propose.

From the long veranda of the hotel after supper that evening the two friends witnessed the crude display of holiday fireworks in the street below. Half a dozen big bonfires made of dry goods boxes, kerosene and tar barrels and refuse of all kinds were blazing along the main street. Directly opposite the hotel the only confectionery and toy store in the place was crowded to overflowing by eager customers, and in front of it the purchasers of fireworks were letting them off for the benefit of the bystanders. Firecrackers were exploded by the package, and every now and then a clerk in some store would come to the front door and fire off a gun or a revolver.

All this noise and illumination was at its height when Adele's train drew up in the car shed. The bonfires near at hand made it as light as day, and she had no trouble recognizing the two friends.

"Oh, what an awful racket!" she exclaimed as she released herself from Alan's embrace and gave her hand to Miller.

"It's in your honor," Miller laughed as, to Alan's vast astonishment, he held on to her hand longer than seemed right. "We ought to have had the brass band out."

"Oh, I'm so glad to get home," said Adele, laying her hand on Miller's extended arm. Then she released it to give Alan her trunk checks. "Get them, brother," she said. "Mr. Miller will take care of me. I suppose you are not going to drive home tonight."

"Not if you are tired," said Miller in a tone Alan had never heard his friend use to any woman, nor had he ever seen such an expression on Miller's face as lay there while the lawyer's eyes were feasting themselves on the girl's beauty.

Alan hurried away after the trunks and a porter. He was almost blind with a rage that was new to him. Was Miller deliberately beginning a flirtation with Adele at a moment's notice? And had she been so spoiled by the "fast set" of Atlanta during her stay there that she would allow it—even if Miller was a friend of the family? He found a negro porter near the heap of luggage that had been hurled from the baggage car and ordered his sister's trunks taken to the hotel. Then he followed the couple moodily up to the hotel parlor. He was destined to undergo another shock, for on entering that room he surprised Miller and Adele on a sofa behind the big square piano with their heads suspiciously near together, and so deeply were they engaged in conversation that, although he drew up a chair near them, they paid no heed to him further than to recognize his appearance with a lifting of their eyes.

They were talking of social affairs in Atlanta and people whose names were unfamiliar to Alan. He rose and stood before the fireplace, but they did not notice his change of position. Truly it was maddening. He told himself that Adele's pretty face and far too easy manner had attracted Miller's attention temporarily, and the fellow was daring to enter one of his flirtations right before his eyes. Alan would give him a piece of his mind at the first opportunity, even if he was under obligations to him. Indeed, Miller had greatly disappointed him, and so had Adele. He had always thought she, like Dolly Barclay, was different from other girls; but no, she was like them all. Miller's attention had simply turned her head. Well, as soon as he had a chance he would tell her a few things about Miller and his views of women. That would put her on her guard, but it would not draw out the poisoned sting left by Miller's presumption or indelicacy or whatever it was. Alan rose and stood at the fire unnoticed for several minutes, and then he showed that he was at least a good chaperon, for he reached out and drew the old fashioned bell

She gave Miller her hand.

pull in the chimney corner. The porter appeared, and Alan asked, "Is my sister's room ready?"

"Yes, it's good and warm now, suh," said the negro. "I started the fire an hour ago."

Miller and Adele had paused to listen.

"Oh, you are going to hurry me off to bed," the girl said, with an audible sigh.

"You must be tired after that ride," said Alan coldly.

"That's a fact, you must be," echoed Miller. "Well, if you have to go you can finish telling me in the morning. You know I'm going to spend the night here, where I have a regular room, and I'll see you at breakfast."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Adele. "Yes, I can finish telling you in the morning." Then she seemed to notice her brother's long face, and she laughed out teasingly, "I'll bet he and Dolly are no nearer together than ever."

"You are right," Miller joined in her mood, "the colonel still has his dogs ready for Alan, but they'll make it up some day, I hope. Dolly is next to the smartest girl I know."

"Oh, you are a flatterer," laughed Adele, and she gave Miller her hand. "Don't forget to be up for early breakfast. We must start soon in the morning. I'm dying to see the home folks."

Alan was glad that Miller had a room of his own, for he was not in a mood to converse with him, and when Adele had retired he refused Miller's proffered cigar and went to his own room.

Miller grunted as Alan turned away. "He's had bad news of some sort," he thought, "and it's about Dolly Barclay. I wonder, after all, if she would stick to a poor man. I begin to think some women would. Adele is of that stripe—yes, she is, and isn't she stunning looking? She's a gem of the first water, straight as a die, full of pluck, and—she's all right—all right!"

He went out on the veranda to smoke and enjoy repeating these things over to himself. The bonfires in the street were dying down to red embers, around which stood a few stragglers, but there was a blaze of new light over the young man's head. Along his horizon had dawned a glorious reason for his existence, a reason that discounted every reason he had ever entertained. "Adele, Adele," he said to himself, and then his cigar went out. Perhaps, his thoughts ran on in their mad race with happiness—perhaps, with her fair head on her pillow, she was thinking of him as he was of her.

Around the corner came a crowd of young men singing negro songs. They passed under the veranda, and Miller recognized Frank Hillhouse's voice. "That you, Frank?" Miller called out, leaning over the railing.

"Yes. That you, Ray?" Hillhouse stepped out into view. "Come on. We are going to turn the town over. Every sign comes down, according to custom, you know. Old Thad Moore is drunk in the calaboose. They put him in late this evening. We are going to mask and let him out. It's a dandy racket. We are going to make him think we are White Caps and then set him in the bosom of his family. Come on."

"I can't tonight," declined Miller, with a laugh. "I'm dead tired."

"Well, if you hear all the church bells ringing you needn't think it's fire and jump out of your skin. We ain't going to sleep tonight, and we don't intend to let anybody else do it."

"Well, go it while you are young," Miller retorted, with a laugh, and Hillhouse joined his companions in mischief, and they passed on, singing merrily.

Miller threw his cigar away and went to his room.

"Perhaps I ought to tell Alan," he mused, "but he'll find it out soon enough; and, hang it all, I can't tell him how I feel about his own sister after all the rot I've stuffed into him."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning as soon as he was up Alan went to his sister's room. He found her dressed and ready for him. She was seated before a cheerful grate fire looking over a magazine she had brought to pass the time on the train.

"Come in," she said, pleasantly enough, he reflected, now that Miller was not present to absorb her attention. "I expected you to get up a little earlier. Those guns down at the barroom just about daybreak waked me, and I couldn't go to sleep again. There is no use denying it, Al, we have a barbarous way of amusing ourselves up here in north Georgia."

He went on and stood with his back to the fire, still unable to rid his brow of the frown it had worn the night before.

"Oh, I reckon you've got too citified for us," he said, "along with other accomplishments that fast set down there has taught you."

Adele laid her book open on her lap.

"Look here, Alan," she said, quite gravely, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing that I know of," he said, without meeting her direct gaze.

"Well, there is," she said, as the outcome of her slow inspection of his clouded features.

He shrugged his shoulders and gave her his eyes steadily.

"I don't like the way you and Miller are carrying on." He hurled the words at her sullenly. "You see, I know him through and through."

"Well, that's all right," she replied, not flinching from his indignant stare, "but what's that got to do with my conduct and his?"

"You allow him to be too familiar with you," Alan retorted. "He's not the kind of a man for you to—to act that way with. He has flirted with a dozen women and thrown them over; he doesn't believe in the honest love of a man for a woman or the love of a woman for a man."

"Ah, I am at the first of this!" Adele, instead of being put down by his stormy words, was smiling inwardly. Her lips were rigid, but Alan saw the light of keen amusement in her eyes. "Is he really so dangerous? That makes him doubly interesting. Most girls love to handle masculine gunpowder. Do you know, if I was Dolly Barclay, for instance, an affair with you would not be much fun, because I'd be so sure of you. The dead level of your past would alarm me."

"Thank heaven, all women are not alike!" was the bolt he hurled at her. "If you knew as much about Ray Miller as I do, you'd act in a more dignified way on a first acquaintance with him."

"On a first—oh, I see what you mean!" Adele put her handkerchief to her face and treated herself to a merry laugh that exasperated him beyond endurance. Then she stood up, smoothing her smile away. "Let's go to breakfast. I'm as hungry as a bear. I told Rayburn—I mean your dangerous friend, Mr. Miller—that we'd meet him in the dining room. He says he's crazy for a cup of coffee with whipped cream in it. I ordered it just now."

"The dev"— Alan bit the word in two and strode from the room, she following. The first person they saw in the big dining room was Miller, standing at the stove in the center of the room warming himself. He scarcely looked at Alan in his eagerness to have a chair placed for Adele at a little table reserved for three in a corner of the room, which was presided over by a slick looking mulatto waiter whose father had belonged to Miller's family.

"I've been up an hour," he said to her. "I took a stroll down the street to see what damage the gang did last night. Every sign is down or hung where it doesn't belong. To tease the owner, an old negro drayman, whom everybody jokes with, they took his wagon to pieces and put it together again on the roof of Harmon's drugstore. How they got it there is a puzzle that will go down in local history like the building of the pyramids."

"Whisky did it," laughed Adele. "That will be the final explanation."

"I think you are right," agreed Miller.

Alan bolted his food in grum silence, unnoticed by the others. Adele's very grace at the table, as she prepared Miller's coffee, and her apt repartee added to his discomfiture. He excused himself from the table before they had finished, mumbling something about seeing if the horses were ready, and went into the office. The last blow to his temper was dealt by Adele as she came from the dining room.

"Mr. Miller wants to drive me out in his buggy to show me his horses," she said, half smiling. "You won't mind, will you? You see, he'll want his team out there to get back in, and"—

"Oh, I don't mind," he told her. "I see you are bent on making a goose of yourself. After what I've told you about Miller if you still"—

But she closed his mouth with her hand.

"Leave him to me, brother," she said as she turned away. "I'm old enough to take care of myself, and—and—well, I know men better than you do."

When Alan reached home, he found that Miller and Adele had been there half an hour. His mother met him at the door with a mysterious smile on her sweet old face as she nodded at the closed door of the parlor.

"Don't go in there now," she whispered. "Adele and Mr. Miller have been there ever since they come. I really believe they are in love with each other. I never saw young folks act more like it. When I met 'em it looked

"I've drapped onto a little news."

jest like he wanted to kiss me, he was so happy. Now, wouldn't it be fine if they was to get married? He's the nicest man in the state and the best catch."

"Oh, mother," said Alan, "you don't understand. Rayburn Miller is"—

"Well, Adele will know how to manage him," broke in the old lady, too full of her view of the romance to harken to his. "She ain't no fool, son. She'll twist him around her finger if she wants to. She's pretty and stylish and as sharp as a brier. Ah, he's jest seen it all and wants her. You can't fool me! I know how people act when they are in love. I've seen hundreds, and I never saw a worse case on both sides than this is."

Going around to the stables to see that his horses were properly attended to, Alan met his uncle leaning over the rail fence looking admiringly at a young colt that was prancing around the lot.

"Christmas gift," said the old man suddenly. "I ketched you that time shore pop."

"Yes, you got ahead of me," Alan admitted.

The old man came nearer to him, nodding his head toward the house. "Heerd the news?" he asked, with a broad grin of delight.

"What news is that?" Alan asked dubiously.

"Young Miss"—a name given Adele by the negroes and sometimes used jestingly by the family—"Young Miss has knocked the props clean from under Miller."

Alan frowned and hung his head for a moment; then he said:

"Uncle Ab, do you remember what I told you about Miller's opinion of love and women in general?"

The old man saw his drift and burst into a full, round laugh.

"I know you told me what he said about love an' women in general, but I don't know as you said what he thought about women in particular. This heer's a particular case. I tell you she's fixed 'im. Yore little sis has done the most complete job out o' tough material I ever inspected. He's a gone coon; he'll never make another brag; he's tied hand an' foot."

Alan looked straight into his uncle's eyes. A light was breaking on him. "Uncle Ab," he said, "do you think he is—really in love with her?"

"Ef he ain't an' don't ax yore pa an' ma fer 'er before a month's gone, I'll deed you my farm. Now, look heer. A feller knows his own sister less'n he does anybody else; that's beca'se you never have thought of Adele follerin' in the trail of womankind. You'd hate fer a brother o' that town gal to be raisin' sand about you, wouldn't you? Well, you go right on an' let them two kill the'r own rats."

Alan and his uncle were returning to the house when Pole Baker dismounted at the front gate and came into the yard.

"I seed Mr. Miller drive past my house awhile ago with Miss Adele," he said, "an' I come right over. I want to see all of you together."

Just then Miller came out of the parlor and descended the steps to join them.

"Christmas gift, Mr. Miller!" cried Pole. "I ketched you that time."

"And if I paid up you'd cuss me out," retorted the lawyer, with a laugh. "I haven't forgotten the row you raised about that suit of clothes. Well, what's the news? How's your family?"

"About as common, Mr. Miller," said Pole. "My wife's gittin' younger an' younger ever' day. Sence she moved in 'er new house an' got to whitewashin' fences an' makin' flower beds an' one thing another she looks like a new person. I'd 'a' bought 'er a house long ago ef I'd a-knowed she wanted it that bad. Oh, we put on the lugs now! We wipe with napkins after eatin', an' my littlest un sets in a high chair an' says, 'Please pass the gravy,' like he'd been off to school. Sally says she's a-goin' to send 'em, an' I don't keer ef she does; they'll stand head ef they go; the'r noggin's look like squashes, but they're full o' seeds, an' don't you forget it."

"That they are!" intoned Abner Daniel.

"I've drapped onto a little news," said Pole. "You know what a old moonshiner cayn't pick up in these mountains from old pards ain't wuth lookin' fer."

"Railroad?" asked Miller interestedly.

"That's fer you uns to make out," said Baker. "Now, I ain't a-goin' to give away my authority, but I rid twenty miles yesterday to substantiate what I heerd, an' I know it's nothin' but the truth. You all know old Bobby Millburn's been buyin' timber land up about yore property, don't you?"

"I didn't know how much," answered Miller, "but I knew he had secured some."

"Fust and last in the neighborhood o' six thousand acres," affirmed Pole, "an' he's still on the warpath. What fust attracted my notice was findin' out that old Bobby hain't a dollar to his name. That made me suspicious, an' I went to work to investigate."

"Good boy!" said Uncle Abner in an admiring undertone.

"Well, I found out he was usin' Wilson's money an' secretly buyin' fer him, an', what's more, he seems to have unlimited authority an' a big bank account to draw from."

There was a startled pause. It was broken by Miller, whose eyes were gleaming excitedly.

"It's blame good news," he said, eying Alan.

"Do you think so?" said Alan, who was still under his cloud of displeasure with his friend.

"Yes. It simply means that Wilson intends to build that road. He's been quiet and pretending indifference for two reasons—first to bring us to closer terms, and next to secure more land.

Then they all went to find Bishop to tell him the news.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous Reading.

HIS SECOND THOUGHT.

The Stage Driver Acted on It and Saved His Passengers.

Back in the good old days when nerves and railroads were little known an old stage road ran from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburg, N. Y., passing through the little town of Sodom. This village nestled in a valley between two great hills, over which the white ribbon of the road wound steeply.

Upon one of the trips of the stage the regular driver, who had been at home for some weeks recovering from an illness, was riding inside, while the red-haired, mild featured, big boned Irishman acting as his substitute occupied the driver's seat upon the box. The day was a beautiful one, and the passengers were enjoying their drive keenly, their appetites increasing as the distance lessened between them and the town of Sodom, with its promised pause for refreshment.

Suddenly as the heavy stage lumbered over the brow of the hill, down which the road plunged at a sharp angle, running through the little town at its foot and ascending the hill beyond, the passengers became conscious that their pace had been recklessly increased. Faster and faster they went, dashing down the hill at a rate rapidly becoming a furious one. Trees and bushes at last became but a dizzying blur along the road. All clung to the reeling stage and held their breath in terror, while on the stage raced, down the hill with ever increasing speed, into the town, past the hostelry with the waiting host left standing in amaze at the door, past the postoffice without pause ,and out upon the road leading up the face of the hill beyond. There the pace slackened, and as the incline grew more steep at last the smoking horses came to a standstill. With one accord the dazed passengers tumbled out and surrounded the driver, who now stood at the head of his reeking leaders.

"What is it, Pat? What is it? Did they get away from you?' came the breathless questions.

"Nope," replied Pat with a set face. "It wor that," pointing grimly before him. There lay the stage tongue dragging uselessly on the ground at the heels of the horses and completely severed from the coach. At a glance the regular driver comprehended the meaning of the danger to which the passengers of that stage, deprived of its sole means of guidance, had been exposed, and realizing the miracle of their escape, he turned sick and fainted where he stood.

Later, back at the inn, when the excitement had somewhat subsided and fresh horses were being put to the repaired coach, some one turned to Pat and asked:

"Pat, what was your first thought when the pole dropped?"

"Well, sor," he answered, settling the quid more comfortably in his cheek, "me furst thought wor, 'Lord ha' mercy on our sowls!' Thin think I to meself. "Confound a horse that can't outrun a wagon!' and I licked the poor bastes all the way down the hill!"—Lippincott's.

☞ The beds of peas in Colorado sometimes include as many as 2,000 acres, and there is one bed exceeding 2,500 acres.

☞ The forests of Australia generally have a monotonous appearance. This is caused by the presence everywhere of the eucalyptus tree.

☞ A wise man hopes only for the things that are possible and probable.

HOW REVOLT WAS NURSED.

Turk Governs Macedonia By Day, Rebels By Night.

I have been asked to describe the Macedonian juntas in various cities of Europe and America and briefly to tell the story of the mysterious Macedonian committee, their parent stock in the Balkans, writes Valdimir Andreieff Tsanoff in the Boston Transcript. In view of the extent which the present Macedonian revolution is assuming and of the magnitude of the battles reported to have taken place during the last fortnight there exists a widespread curiosity to know the nature of this committee which can successfully defy and repulse the trained regiments of the Turkish army. It appears that the Turks did not suffer such heavy casualties during the whole course of the Graceo-Turkish war as the Macedonian insurgents inflicted upon them in two battles already fought.

First, I shall give an account of the Vutreshna Organizatsia, the organization which declared the rebellion, and then of the Macedonian juntas outside of Macedonia. Imperium in imperio is the only word which adequately describes the control of the Macedonian committee upon affairs in European Turkey. There never existed a more powerful revolutionary system, on a larger scale, in the face of greater obstacles. When compared to it, underground Russia, about which so many volumes have been written, was a mere undergraduate's play performed by students of Russian universities. When compared to it, the Taeping rebellion was but a huge and formless mass; even the Cuban and Filipino insurrections, with Aguinaldo thrown in, are outclassed by the Macedonian committee.

When I speak of the Macedonian committee, I mean the Vutreshna Organizatsia, "the Organization of the Interior," which has existed for the last seven years, which, although it has branches in Bulgaria, is entirely independent of any Sofia committees, and which, having foiled the plans of the Sofia committees and resisted the overtures of Prince Ferdinand, has now achieved supreme command over the revolutionary situation and is fighting for the creation of an autonomous Macedonia.

Two governments rule over the destines of Macedonia, two armies, two systems of secret police, two tribes of tax gatherers, two kinds of courts—the Moslem and the Christian. By day, from dawn till dark, it is the Turk who carries on his atrocious misgovernment. By the aid of an army of 250,000 he executes the sultan's orders. But at night the Turkish zaptieh retires to the konak; the Turkish soldiers retire to the shelter of their barracks and the government passes into the swift hands of the Vutreshna Organizatsia.

Only in the few populous cities, and when in the company of comrades, does the Turk in Macedonia dare to stir abroad at night. The committee's bands sweep quickly across country, stealing their way. They hold meetings in the purely Christian villages calling out the peasants to drill. The members of the band lend their rifles to the villagers, instructing them how to handle them, teaching them the rudiments of tactics, teaching them above all that God is not on the side of the biggest battalions. Before dawn one more village has been won to the revolution. A supply of arms is sent it as soon as the committee has installed a properly constituted local branch.

The band passes to another village, and to a third, traveling and drilling by night, hiding on the hills by day. The sultan would turn pale at the sight of the newest repeating rifles, ammunition and dynamite that repose under the haystack and in the roots of the pine trees of the stupidest and most submissive "dog-of-a-Christian" village in Macedonia. The total number of rifles is estimated at 45,000 modern weapons, all smuggled within the last seven years; all destined to reappear from their hiding places when the signal is given. The principal object in the existence of the Macedonia committee has been to arm the defenseless Christians; its second object to perfect a standing army of insurgents.

The standing army of the Vutreshna Organization numbers some 10,000 insurgents, in companies of about 100, each band under its voyvoda. What this rebel army does not know of war the Turk, at least, cannot teach. Every lesson of the Polist revolution of 1863, not to mention earlier revolutions; every device of General Aguinaldo's, every lesson of the South African war, has been carefully mastered. Tactically the insurgents have not accomplished what was expected of them. Moving about in the dark, they have not always picked out the strategic positions; they have allowed themselves to be surprised by the Turk too often. But the number of officers of the Bulgarian army who have forsaken their sheltered life in exchange for the restless activity of the Macedonian revolution has been so large that the tactics of the insurgents have steadily improved. The recent engagement above Monastir, in which the rebels routed the Turkish army, inflicting a loss of 210 killed on the battlefield, is the best achievement yet.

There is nothing fantastic about the uniform and equipment of the Macedonian insurgents. They look the soldier much more than does the Turk. As pack animals are not feasible, every insurgent carries his total equipment on his back, consisting of a Mannlicher or Gras rifle, the official armament of the Bulgarian and Greek armies respectively—a few Berdan rifles and American Martinis are intermingled—also four belts of cartridges each, two tightened across the waist and one slung across each shoulder; a revolver and two dynamite bombs. For self destruction in case of capture each insurgent also carries a packet of immediate poison and a kama (stilleto). The insurgent uniform resembles that of the Bulgarian soldier, only that it is very light, very much of it being leathern, for durability. In place of boots the insurgents wear opints!—sandals of cowhide or pigskin.

THE STUBBORN BOERS.

Are Still Prisoners of War and a White Elephant to the British.

A curious state of affairs exists in Bermuda in connection with the irreconcilable Boers, who until recently were cared for by the British government in one of the prison laagers established in 1901.

Shortly after the conclusion of peace in South Africa, these men were invited to sign a declaration of allegiance to the crown as a condition precedent to their return to their own country. They rejected the proposal, although 5,000 of their fellow prisoners took the oath and were sent home. There was some doubt on the part of the fifty as to whether the two republics had been conquered and annexed to Great Britain. To satisfy them on this point a prominent ex-burgher, formerly an officer of high rank in the Boer army, was sent to Bermuda by the British authorities. The irreconcilables refused to listen to him, and they also ignored the written testimony of their friends in South Africa.

The Bermuda military authorities kept their stubborn prisoners in one of the old laagers on Hawkins Island, furnishing them the necessities of life. The men remained there a year, but gave no sign of relenting.

A few weeks ago some of the Boers were told they must go to work in one of the military cemeteries. They refused and were expelled from Hawkins Island, landing at Hamilton, where they established a minerature laager on one of the public wharves. As they committed no breach of the city ordinances, no steps were taken to compel them to move.

On August 10 last the military authorities turned loose in three separate parts of the colony the rest of their prisoners. They made their camps where they landed, their baggage, camp stools and cooking pots were piled high on the shore and at the roadside, and the men themselves slept in blankets beneath the open sky. When told to find quarters the Boers assumed an attitude of defiance toward the civil authorities.

Some were arrested and placed in jail for a short term. Before trial transportation was offered them free of charge, to any port, British or foreign, they might name. The offer was refused. So was the offer of liberty on condition that no further violation of the law should take place. The particular offence was loitering in the public road, but the Boers made the plea that they had been left there by the British government, that they still considered themselves prisoners of war, and as such must remain where they were placed.

Some of the inreconcilables are still in confinement, others have rented a cottage and established a laager. All are firm in their determination not to take the oath of allegiance until they are sent by the British government to South Africa.

If the men persist in their present course they may eventually become public charges. Some of the Boers are able-bodied, but many among them are crippled and unfit for work, owing to wounds received in battle.—New York World.

The Farmer and the Bird.

There was a time when the farmer looked on nearly every bird except the buzzard as his enemy. That was in the long ago when the average man had not given any study to ornithology. The "used-to-be-a-farmer" robbed the nests of quails, for the eggs, and killed the birds in droves when he could get them in a line on the ground. The blackbird was an especial object of his dislike, and he did not see any use for the common meadow lark. He despised any bird that picked a grape or a cherry, and sapsuckers and woodpeckers were an abomination in his eyes. If he respected the dove at all it was because he supposed that it was a descendant of the identical dove which brought back a branch to Noah in his ark, and thus saved the world from everlasting flood. He had a cordial and religious hatred of the raven because it disappointed Noah when it was sent out to make inquiries as to the condition of the flood. But now it has been proved conclusively that the blackbird kills a million worms and bugs in the chrysalis stage, worms and bugs which destroy crops. The redbird, or goosbeak, may fly into a crib on a winter's day and steal a grain of corn, but he has killed a thousand enemies of that corn and is entitled to his reward. The agricultural department at Washington declares that the dove is the greatest destroyer of weeds in all nature since doves consume untold millions of seeds. Any one who has watched the mockingbird feed its young can have some idea of the number of insects which is required for the brood. Observations and study have only resulted in demonstration of the value of bird life from the cold standpoint of "business." The "has-been" and "used-to-be" farmer may not know these things, but the present farmer and truckmen know them. They know that thousands of trees are saved yearly by the sapsuckers and woodpeckers."—Exchange.

☞ The number of murders per million population is 5.13 in England, 5.45 in Germany, 11.55 in France, 15.42 in Austria, 76.11 in Italy and 44.70 in Spain.

☞ Alaska natives have developed a great fondness for bacon, hard bread, canned beef and other foods of like nature.